

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

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TEARS burned in Thayer's eyes as she undressed. I've done the wrong thing again, she thought.

She began mechanically to brush her hair. The motion steadied her, but it could not check the bewildered groping of her thought. She stopped as she remembered how feeling had jerked through her when she had found Brock and Moya on the terrace. Savage feeling, strangely unlike her present attitude toward Brock. Jealousy.

She thought slowly, I love him, or I couldn't have felt like that. In spite of the befogging of the present the feeling was there. Realization was light falling into a dark place. No wonder Brock felt bewildered, uncertain. In her way she had been as uncertain as he.

I've let him down, Thayer thought. I've let him rebuff me because I was hurt, rebuffed. I've seen my side of it, not Brock's.

She would go talk to him, letting neither temper or nerves dismay her. While he was weak the strength must come from her to bring him again to that wholeness of spirit which alone could surmount his physical maiming.

So swept along by her intention was Thayer that it was a shock to find Brock's chair empty on the terrace. Then, as she stood nonplussed, his voice spoke from inside the room. "Who is it?"

She turned in quick relief and going to the French door pushed it open. "It's me, Brock. I—I shouldn't have got angry; I'm sorry. Let's—let's talk, can't we? Brock, where are you?" Her eyes groped in the dimness.

As they adjusted somewhat she saw he was standing by the

long window to the left of the door. He must have been there as she came along the terrace for there had been no sound of movement.

Thayer came in slowly. Behind her the moonlight lay in long silvered panels, broken by the quivering pattern of a wind-stirred eucalyptus.

She could not yet see distinctly and she spoke a little breathlessly. "Brock, forgive me about tonight—getting angry. More than anything I—I want things right between us."

"I've not doubted that, Thayer. Your efforts, I mean." His voice had a low desperate quietness. "You've done all you could, I know that. I know what you're up against."

She shook her head. "Has either of us really understood the other's side? I've tried, but then I've been scared, I guess."

"Of me? So it's like that."

"Brock, don't say anything until I finish, please don't." She took a deep breath. "While you were gone I was frightened you might find me different than you expected when you came back. How? You'd been through things I could never share. Would I seem the same to you? Or—would you have outgrown me?"

"Thayer!"

"It's true."

"You're saying this to make me feel better, because you're sorry..."

She came closer in her anxiety to make him understand, and the moon moving from behind the eucalyptus shed more light into the room. "No, Brock, I—I..."

She stopped. She saw him now, almost clearly. But the crutches were somehow hidden. The illusion was of a man, tall and sure, standing there in an attitude of waiting. Suddenly it was Brock come back to her. She caught her breath and could find no words.

Within them, magnetic and compelling, rose the restless

force that had once swept them together. It was in the grip of the arm outreaching to draw her to him; it was in the crazy beating of her heart, the hungry lifting of her lips to the seeking of his. It was in the smothered cry of her name.

Magically life traded its complexities for the soft stillness of the night and the prodigally-spilled silver of the moon.

THE knocking awakened Thayer. She struggled up, listening. Momentarily she was bewildered to find Brock beside her. Then, as things fell into place in her mind, she rose quickly before the knocking might come again to awaken him.

She opened the front door and Mrs. Kittridge staggered in to cling weakly to the newel post. "Oh, Thayer—I'm glad it's you. I—can't find my key. I was afraid to ring—for fear Brock..."

"Something's happened. You're ill."

"Help me upstairs, we can talk there. Brock mustn't know."

When they reached the bedroom she collapsed weakly. "There's a blue bottle—in the bathroom cabinet. Get it, Thayer." Her face was pinched, her breathing difficult.

Later, somewhat relieved, she insisted upon talking. "I shouldn't have gone. I hate bridge, Thayer"—the voice held fierce insistence—"promise me you won't hint to Brock of this. He saw me once before and he worried so. In his condition he mustn't..."

"But you must see a doctor."

"Tomorrow. I couldn't have Dr. Pelham coming at this hour and upsetting Brock. I've had attacks before. Often they go away very quickly. I'll be better in the morning. Thayer, you'll say nothing to Brock?"

"If you insist, but..."

"I do insist."

"I'll say nothing, Mrs. Kittridge."

"Thayer, if you'll leave my door open and your own, so I can call..."

"Well..."

"You don't mind, do you? You don't feel this is an imposition, Thayer?"

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Fred Harman



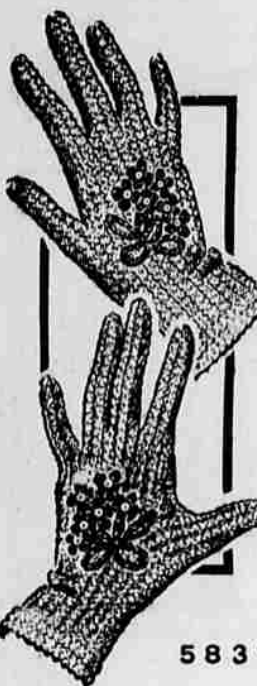
By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Glamour Gloves!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

It's not too early to get in your fine wools and start these breath-taking gloves so that you can wear them just as soon as the weather becomes nippy. Crochet the gloves of fine black wool. Throw on the glamour by means of the separately crocheted flowers in multicolored wools and center each flower with a brilliant sequin. A few cents worth of sequins will do the job! You can get them at the five-and-ten stores.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Flower-Decorated Gloves (sizes small, medium and large included in instructions), color chart for flower clusters (Pattern No. 5837) send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

vealed that the chief objectives of his party were (1) lower interest rates, and (2) lower land rentals. That was about as communistic as the Chinese communist party cared to go.

"Why that's reactionary," kidded Abe Fortas.

"It is true," admitted the communist leader, taking this seriously, "that we are not as advanced as you are in this country."

Tung Pi-Wu was put through quite a cross-examination and came out with some unique answers.

"Suppose there should be a nation-wide Chinese election?" he was asked, "so that the people could vote for either the communists or the Chiang Kai-Shek government. Who would win?"

"Same like Mississippi, your country," was the quick reply.

"What's going to happen as a result of all these diplomatic missions?" Tung was asked. "First T. V. Soong comes here. Then he goes to Moscow. Then ambassador Pat Hurley goes to the communist headquarters. Then Mao Tse-Tung goes to Chungking. What's going to be the result?"

Tung Pi-Wu talked heatedly for about five minutes to his interpreter a long and detailed answer seemed in the works. Finally the interpreter turned to the expectant audience and replied:

"He say, 'nothing happen.'"

structions), color chart for flower clusters (Pattern No. 5837) send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Jumper-Blouse



By SUE BURNETT

For the miss of six to fourteen, a gay button front jumper with scalloped straps edged in ruffing. Wear it for school or Sunday best with the dainty round necked blouse.

Pattern No. 8917 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8, jumper, requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; blouse, requires 1 yard of 35 or 39-inch fabric, 2 yards of ruffing required to trim jumper.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 10:
Mrs. Fred Hart, 1606 X avenue;
Mrs. O. Green, 1301 G avenue;
Ray F. Murphy, 601 O avenue.

Water Turned On:
Florence Engle, 1311 O avenue;
W. T. Andrews, 1906 Cedar street;
Ed Havenstein, 607 Adams avenue;
A. A. Fidler, 411 Fir street;
Paul Conley, 2005 Fir street.

Building Permits

W. R. Parker, alter and repair one-story cement garage, 2208 N. Depot street, \$150.
W. B. Long, erect one-story chicken house, 1714 Z avenue, \$50.

QUIET, PLEASE

Dogs must not bark, auto horns cannot toot, and loudspeakers, phonographs, pianos and other apparatus producing sounds are banned in the French town of Chambrey between 10 p.m. and 1 a.m.

Tennis Champ

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | 4 Disturbance |
| 18 Pictured | 5 Behold! |
| U. S. National Junior tennis champion | 6 French river |
| 11 Scholarly | 7 Belgian canal |
| 12 Guide | 8 Foot (ab.) |
| 14 Salutation | 9 Motive |
| 15 Nevada city | 10 Barked |
| 17 Beverage | 11 Town in Tibet |
| 18 Small owl | 12 Male child |
| 19 Ireland | 13 Brings up |
| 20 Watering place | 16 Nickel (symbol) |
| 21 Tiny | 24 Finish |
| 22 Over (contr.) | 25 Female deer |
| 23 Augmented | 26 Possesses |
| 24 Tenders | 27 Skill |
| 25 Negative | |
| 26 Area measure | |
| 27 Barter | |
| 30 Leather strip | |
| 31 Male sheep | |
| 32 Self | |
| 33 Indian | |
| 34 Explodes | |
| 35 Deals with | |
| 36 Courtesy title | |
| 37 She lives in | |
| 38 Concerning | |
| 39 Indian river | |
| 40 Remarks | |
| 41 Observe | |
| 42 Testifies | |
| VERTICAL | |
| 1 Simmered | |
| 2 Shucked | |
| 3 Resting | |

